

DOLL MAN

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REALITY
CHECK

WINTER ISSUE
No. 11

Quarterly

10¢

The
DOLL MAN
SOCKS CRIME
SQUARE IN THE
EYE!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN

"Let me show **YOU** too,
HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF
COMMANDO-TOUGH

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says **George F. Jowett**
whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces knocking last and best step-hastily with their swift, powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of Spanish muscles on your arm. Add inches to your chest! Increase your shoulders! Will waste no time in giving you the swiftest and surest way to make your back the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you. My method can give you the swiftest and surest way to make your back the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you. My method can give you the swiftest and surest way to make your back the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you.



"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director, Atlantic City.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.

PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PASSAMONT, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.

REX FERRIS, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he: "I owe everything to Jowett's methods. Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!"



JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

FREE!



BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These
FIVE Famous Courses
NOW in BOOK FORM
ONLY 25c EACH
or ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded! Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget by sending the FREE GIFT COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

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230 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q-72 New York 1, N. Y.



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George F. Jowett
Champion of
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George F. Jowett: Your promise books sent to me. Send by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below, for which I enclose () Include FREE book of PHOTOS.

All 5 courses for..... \$1
Moulding a Mighty Arm 25c
Moulding a Mighty Back 25c
Moulding a Mighty Chest 25c
Moulding a Mighty Leg 25c
Moulding a Mighty Grip 25c
Moulding a Mighty Feet 25c
Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage). No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D.

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The DOLL MAN

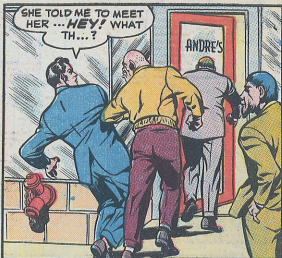
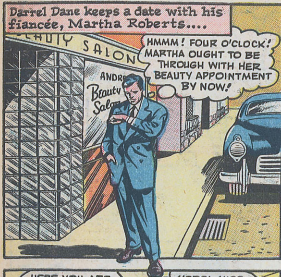


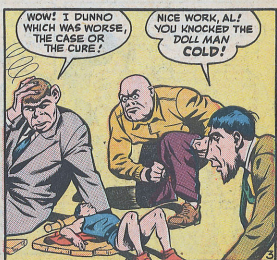
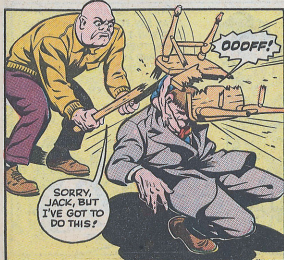
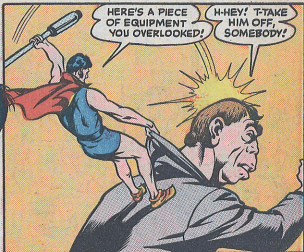
ONLY ONE PERSON knows that Darrel Dane and the mighty **DOLL MAN** are one and the same! That person is Dr. Roberts, who would rather die than reveal the secret!

But what could he or the **DOLL MAN** do against the weird criminal combine of **BEAUTY AND HER BEASTS?**

DOLL MAN QUARTERLY

Darrel Dane keeps a date with his fiancée, Martha Roberts....





DOLL MAN QUARTERLY



I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, HARRY! BUT THAT'S EASILY FIXED!



A LITTLE DOSE OF LIVE STEAM SHOULD WARM HIM UP IN NO TIME!

WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU, AL, IS YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR!



GRAB THE STUFF AND LET'S GO!

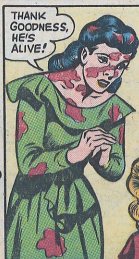
YEAH! BEAUTY WILL BE WONDERING WHAT HAPPENED TO US!



THE DOLL MAN! HE'LL BE COOKED BY THAT HOT STEAM!



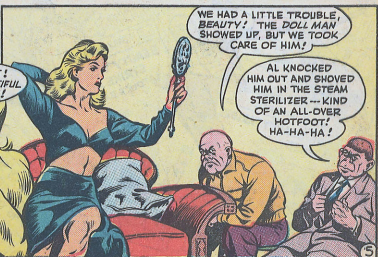
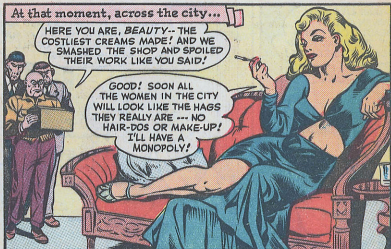
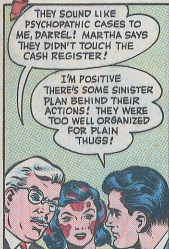
WHY DOESN'T DARREL COME? HE'D KNOW WHAT TO DO!

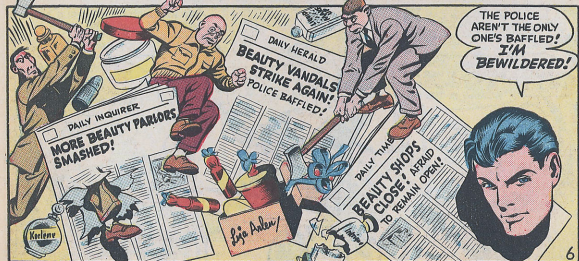
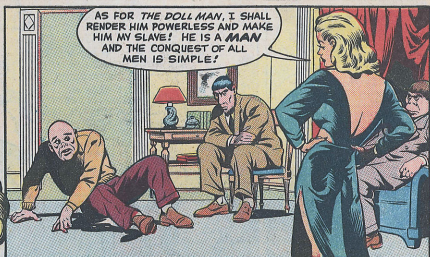
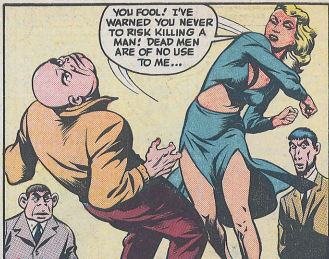
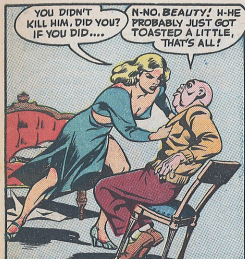


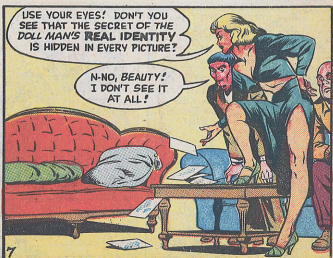
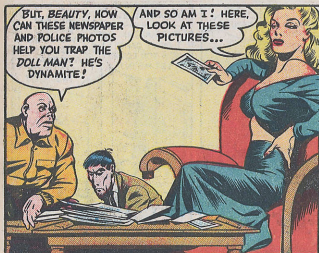
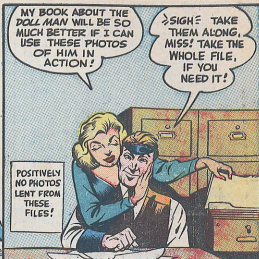
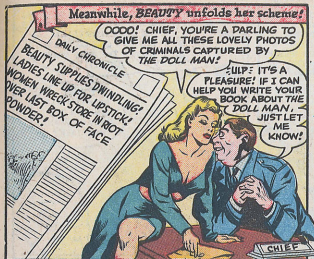
THANK GODDESS, HE'S ALIVE!



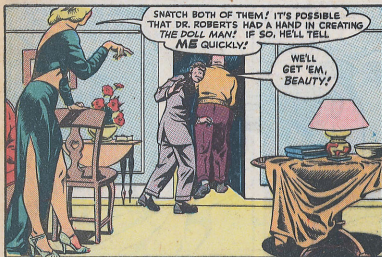
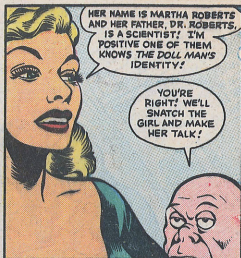
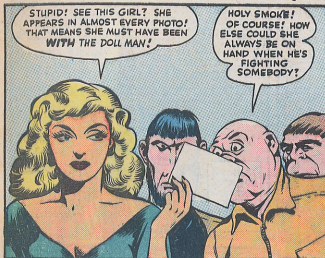
THAT'S ABOUT ALL YOU CAN SAY FOR ME, CONSIDERING THE WAY I FEEL, MARTHA! ANOTHER MINUTE IN THERE AND MY GOOSE WOULD HAVE BEEN COOKED -- IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!

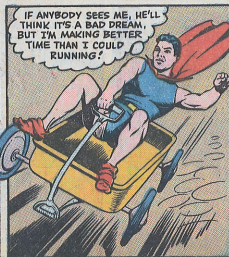


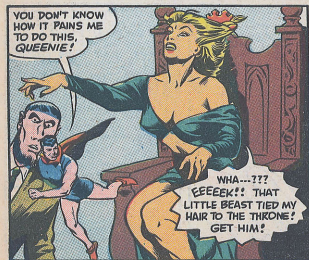
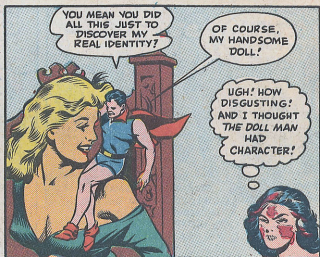
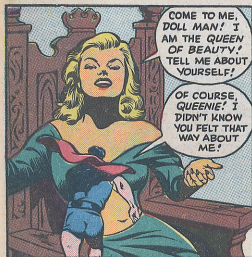
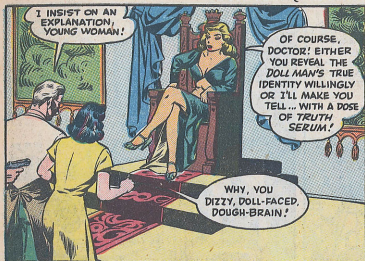




DOLL MAN QUARTERLY









DOLL MAN QUARTERLY



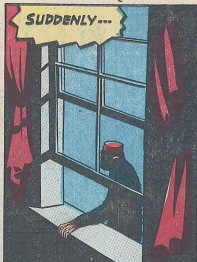


When the black shadow of murder hovered over the MIDWAY OF MIRTH, it took The Doll Man -- mighty mite of mayhem -- to teach a kill-crazy corpse-collector that **MURDER IS NO CIRCUS!**

In a home of wealth, a stray moonbeam touches a glittering fortune in carelessly-discarded jewelry....



SUDDENLY...



YUK! YUK!



NO YOU DON'T, PAL!



YEEEE! YEEEE! YUK-YUK!



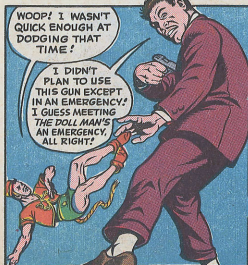
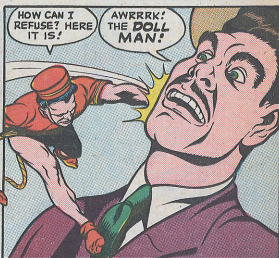
WHA...? A MONKEY? SO THAT'S THE SECRET OF THIS SUDDEN EPIDEMIC OF JEWEL ROBBERIES!

I HATE TO DO THIS, JOCKO... BUT I'M AFTER THE HUMAN GORILLA WHO TAUGHT YOU THIS TRADE!

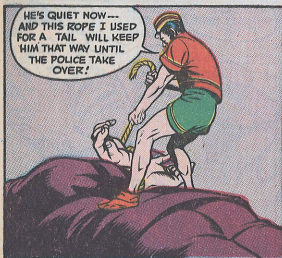
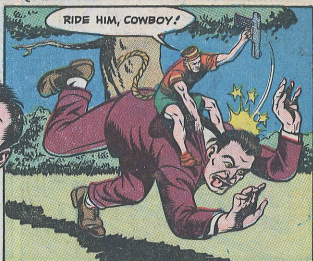


THERE! NOW ALL I NEED IS THE TAIL...AND I THINK THIS CURTAIN CORD WILL SUPPLY THAT! SUCH MONKEY BUSINESS!

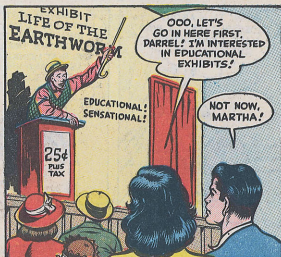
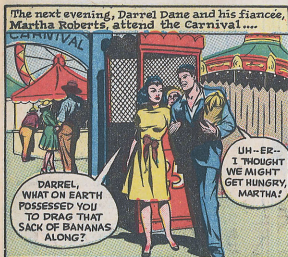
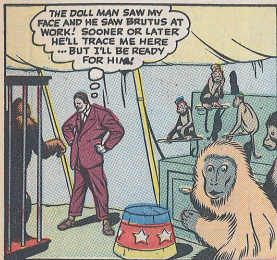


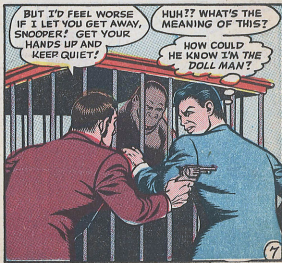


DOLL MAN QUARTERLY





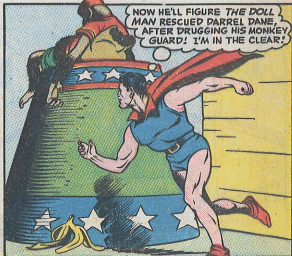
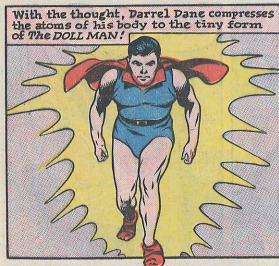


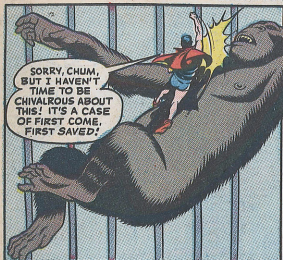


DOLL MAN QUARTERLY



DOLL MAN QUARTERLY





SORRY, CHUM,
BUT I HAVEN'T
TIME TO BE
CHIVALROUS ABOUT
THIS! IT'S A CASE
OF FIRST COME,
FIRST SAVED!



OUT COLD!
I ALWAYS HATE
TO TAKE ADVANTAGE
OF A POOR, HELPLESS
ANIMAL LIKE
THIS!



Meanwhile...

NOW, FOR OUR STAR
ATTRACTION -- THE MONKEY
AUTO RACE! WHEN I RAISE THE
CURTAIN, SIX RACING CARS
WILL ROAR OUT, DRIVEN
BY MONKEYS!

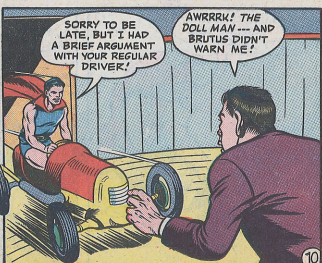


GO! 2 3 4



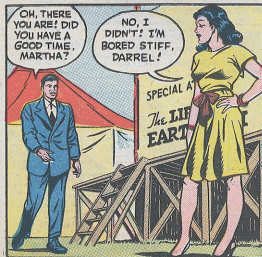
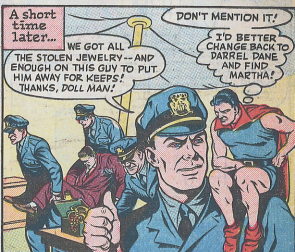
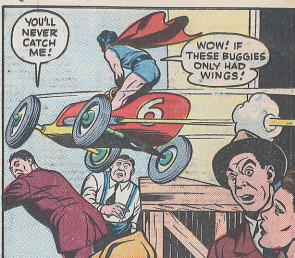
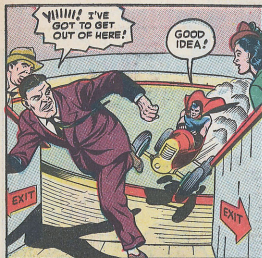
HEY! THAT'S ONLY
FIVE! WHERE'S
NUMBER SIX?

COMING,
BROTHER!



SORRY TO BE
LATE, BUT I HAD
A BRIEF ARGUMENT
WITH YOUR REGULAR
DRIVER!

AWRRRK! THE
DOLL MAN --- AND
BRUTUS DIDN'T
WARN ME!

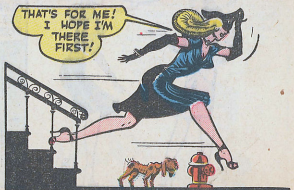
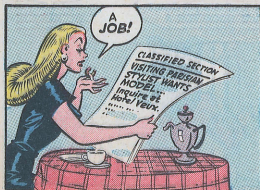


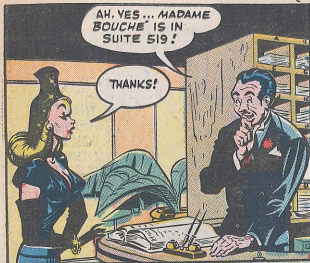
By DIB



Torchy

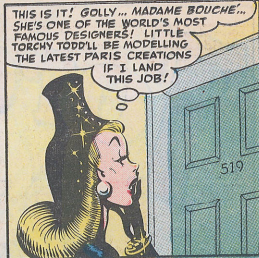
WHAT ARE THEY ALL GAPING AT? YOU'D THINK THEY NEVER SAW A BRIDE BEFORE!





AH, YES... MADAME BOUCHE' IS IN SUITE 519!

THANKS!

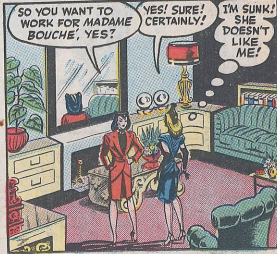


THIS IS IT! GOLLY... MADAME BOUCHE'... SHE'S ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS DESIGNERS! LITTLE TORCHY TODD'LL BE MODELLING THE LATEST PARIS CREATIONS IF I LAND THIS JOB!



HMMM?... SUCH A FIGURE!

OH, GOSH... DOES SHE MEAN IT'S GOOD OR BAD?



SO YOU WANT TO WORK FOR MADAME BOUCHE', YES?

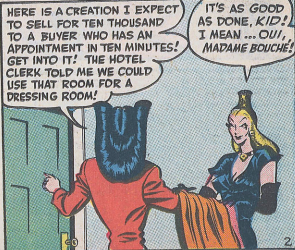
YES! SURE! CERTAINLY!

I'M SUNK! SHE DOESN'T LIKE ME!



GOOD! CONSIDER YOURSELF IN MY EMPLOY!

GULP! WOW! THANKS!



HERE IS A CREATION I EXPECT TO SELL FOR TEN THOUSAND TO A BUYER WHO HAS AN APPOINTMENT IN TEN MINUTES! GET INTO IT! THE HOTEL CLERK TOLD ME WE COULD USE THAT ROOM FOR A DRESSING ROOM!

IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE, KID! I MEAN... OUI, MADAME BOUCHE'!

Meanwhile, on a fire escape outside Suite 520...

IT IS SHE! IT IS OUR BELOVED PRINCESS OF BARILUNIA!

WE WILL SAVE HER!



EEEEK!

THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN BENEFIT, YOUR HIGHNESS!



OH, WELL... I GUESS NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR TORCHY TODD!

AS SOON AS SHE CALMS DOWN, WE WILL BE ABLE TO CONVINCE HER THAT IT IS AGAINST HER OWN GOOD AND THE GOOD OF HER BELOVED PEOPLE TO MARRY THIS TITLE-SEEKING AMERICAN!



IMAGINE USING THIS FOR A DRESSING ROOM! IT LOOKS AS IF IT WERE INTENDED FOR ROYALTY!



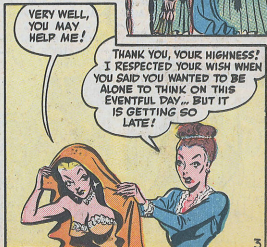
YOUR HIGHNESS, MR. GRAVEE IS WAITING! I CAME TO PLEAD WITH YOU TO LET ME HELP YOU DRESS FASTER!

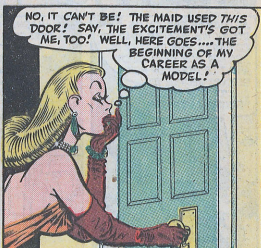
GRAVEE! THAT MUST BE MADAME BOUCHE'S BUYER! GEE... SHE SENT ME A MAID AND THE MAID CALLS ME 'YOUR HIGHNESS!' I'VE GOT TO ACT UP TO IT!

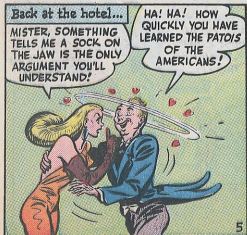
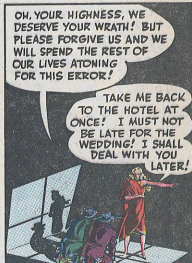
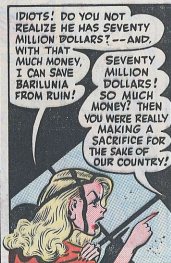
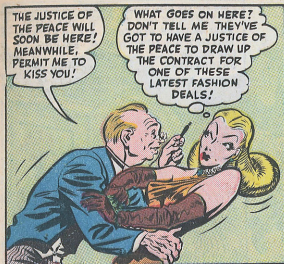


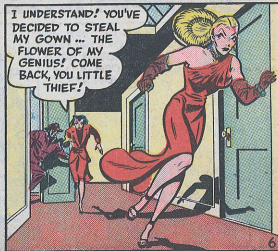
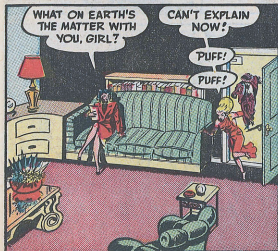
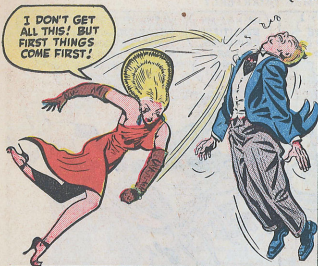
VERY WELL, YOU MAY HELP ME!

THANK YOU, YOUR HIGHNESS! I RESPECTED YOUR WISH WHEN YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO BE ALONE TO THINK ON THIS EVENTFUL DAY... BUT IT IS GETTING SO LATE!

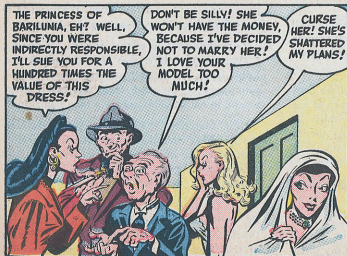








DOLL MAN QUARTERLY



LOBO

HE was caught in the steel trap. He was small and lean and wicked looking. As we drew near, he peeled his lips back and showed long white fangs. A low growl escaped him. Blood covered the snow where he had already begun to gnaw his foot off. He hadn't gone far enough to hurt, yet.

I said, "The poor thing! Let us take him out."

My uncle barked, "Stand back, I'll shoot the varmint." He raised his rifle. I struck it down.

"No, Uncle, no. We must release him. He is only a whelp. He is badly hurt." I knelt down beside the trapped animal.

"You're a fool," said my uncle. "You've always been a fool. I say let's kill the blasted wolf."

But I didn't hear him. Already I was tugging at the heavy jaws of the trap. The wolf snarled and growled but he didn't bite me. After a moment, I had his leg loose. I said, "There, little fellow, you're free."

As I stood up, the crippled wolf made as if to move off. He fell on his side, his leg folding under him. I reached down and gathered him up. "Come on then, little chap. I'll doctor you up."

I took him home, my uncle grumbling all the way. The wolf would repay me by turning on me. Wolves were all alike. The only good wolf was a dead one, etc.

But I carried Lobo, as I began calling him, to our cabin and placed him in a lean-to at the side. I gave him some fresh meat which he gobbled down, then some water. He was starved and thirsty. I watched him eat and drink then I got some bandages and fixed up his foot.

When I had finished, I stroked his dark head. He didn't growl any more. He licked my hand and whimpered. I left him for the night.

The next morning when I went out to feed him, he was gone. At first I suspected my uncle

of dirty work, maybe even of killing the whelp. He swore he hadn't seen the beast.

The wolf came to the cabin door that evening and whined. I opened the door and he stood there, shivering. I brought him inside. He lay on the hearth and thawed out. It was bitterly cold outside, far below zero. I fetched food and drink. He did full justice to both.

That night, Lobo slept beside my bunk. He lay all night without moving, so far as I know. He was up early next morning, scratching at the door. After feeding him, I let him outside. He scampered off into the forest.

All that winter Lobo came and went. Sometimes he would be gone several days at a time, but he always came back. We were the best of friends. He paid no attention to my uncle. Nor was there any love lost between them.

Trapping was good and we were storing up great bales of pelts. In the spring, we'd take them down to the factor and sell them for hard cash.

One night when Lobo was sprawled on the hearth, we heard wolves howling afar off. Lobo lifted his head and whined. He got up and strode to the door, turned and looked at me, then came back and lay down. I wondered if the call of the wild was reaching into him.

Lobo didn't return to the cabin for five nights. I assumed that he'd met the marauders and Lobo, being a wolf, had run with them. But he came back on the sixth night. He had a great wound in his shoulder, where a fang had ripped.

"Fighting, Lobo?" I asked softly as I cleansed the gash. He whimpered and let me pour ointment into the deep cut. He curled up on the hearth, seemingly very content to rest in the warmth.

For the next week, my wolf stuck close to the cabin. He even went with me a couple of times on my trap line. He'd not go near any of the traps, remembering, no doubt, his own

DOLL MAN QUARTERLY

sad experience. I didn't blame him.

He was like a great dog, liking to romp and play on occasion. He had grown to an immense size. My uncle predicted dire things for both of us. He said, "You'll find out, bub, you can't play with the things of the wild. They're dangerous."

I smiled. Lobo wouldn't hurt me for anything. I wondered how he acted when he ran with his pack—if he did run with it. Was he an outcast? I recalled stories I'd heard of wolves turning against their kind, driving them away or killing them.

At the first spring thaw, we prepared to leave for the south with our load of furs. We packed the big sledge high with pelts. Our six dogs were fat and in good condition. It would be a fine run to the factor's.

We shoved off toward noon. The sun was shining and the snow was blazing like diamonds. It was good trail weather. The dogs kept up a fast clip.

It was a 220-mile trek south to the factor's headquarters. We'd make it, barring accident, in five days, without pushing the dogs too hard.

When we were about 70 miles into the woods, a blinding snowstorm hit. It was a real norther, and the pelting snow was like buckshot. We had to hole up, digging breaks against the bite of the wind. We got a fire going and made tea. The dogs melted themselves into the snow, as malemutes always do. They'd stay warm even in the coldest weather.

By morning the storm had blown itself out. We arose, cramped and stiff, and ate a light breakfast. Then we got underway.

The day was bright and edgy, with a light wind. About midway of our trek, we came on a snowshoe track, crossing our trail. My uncle examined it for a moment. "Indian," he said. I didn't like that. I knew that sometimes the Indians, renegades mostly, were on the prowl when trappers sledged their furs south. They struck fast and left no clues.

And then it happened. A rifle spanged. A bullet whizzed past my face like an angry wasp. I dropped. My uncle did likewise. We broke out our guns. We'd account for at least one of them before they took us, that I vowed.

We had several thousand dollars worth of fine furs.

Another rifle barked. One of the dogs yelped and lay over, dead. Then rifles began cracking on both sides of the trail. The slugs thudded into the sledge and twanged through the snowladen brush. There wasn't much to fire at except the smoke puffs. Most of the Indians had old-fashioned rifles using black powder. We fired whenever we saw a puff. Once a high scream told that we had hit one of them.

But the battle was one-sided. I knew that the Indians would surely work in close and rush us, as was their way. If we kept down, we could manage to keep out of the line of fire; on the other hand, there were few targets offered thus.

I drew a bead on an Indian and pulled the trigger. The fellow leaped high into the air and let out a yowl. I had just stung him.

They rushed us then. A half dozen of them came racing toward us, firing as they came. I saw my uncle topple and knew he'd been hit. I emptied the magazine of my repeating rifle into the approaching Indians and saw two of them wilt in the snow.

The four left came at me, howling like demons. I clubbed my useless rifle and brained one of them. The others ripped the gun from my hands. And now I faced them with only a bowie knife. I swished it, ripping at their faces. I connected at least once, saw the spurt of red, then hurled the knife at the faces of the others.

One came at me with a long knife lifted. I knew my time had come. I was breathing hard. A blow in the belly had weakened me. Then a strange thing happened. A great gray shape shot into the fray. The Indian I thought was about to kill me screamed. The shape wheeled and leaped at another Indian. He went down. The remaining redskin tried to get away. The shape nailed him.

I came to my feet groggy. The snow was red with blood. The shape lay, panting, nearby. He was red, too.

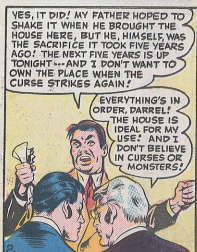
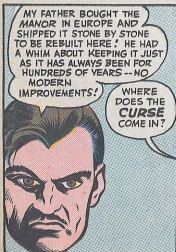
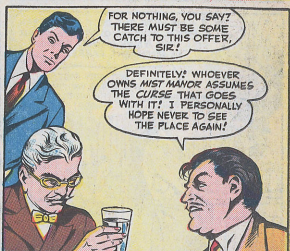
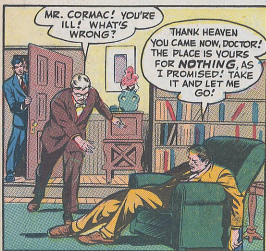
"Lobel!" I cried. "You saved us. Good boy!" The wolf whimpered and nuzzled my hand.

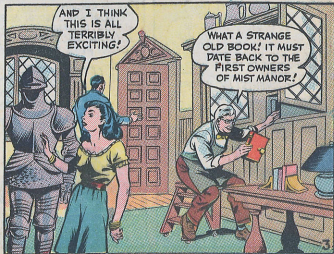
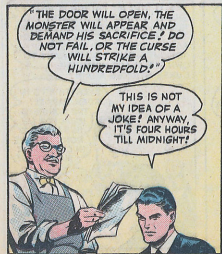
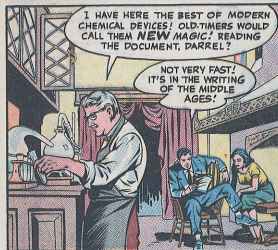
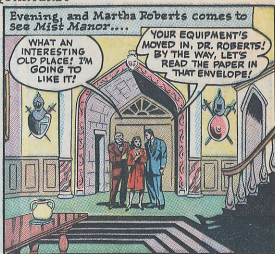
My uncle came to and grinned. "Good wolf," he said.

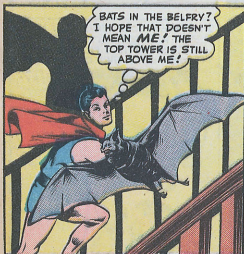
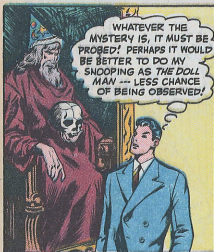


The DOLL MAN

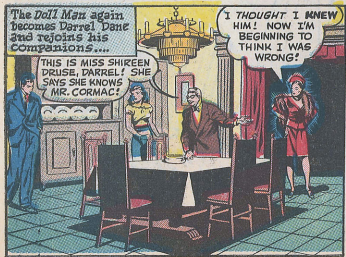
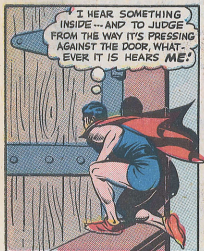
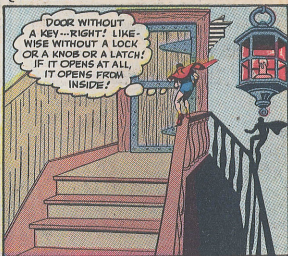
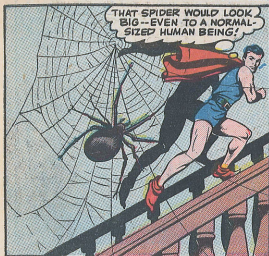
The DOLL MAN
meets a weird and
baleful opponent -- and
unravels the mystery
of **THE MONSTER
OF MIST
MANOR!**

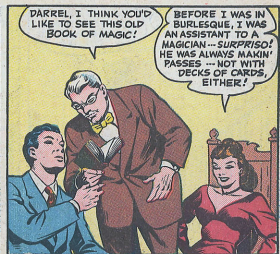
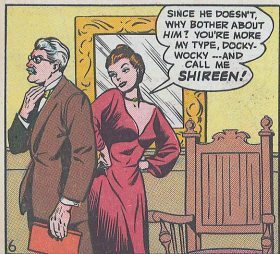
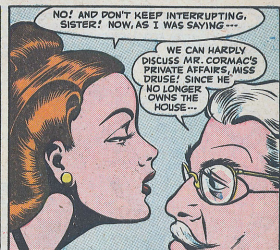




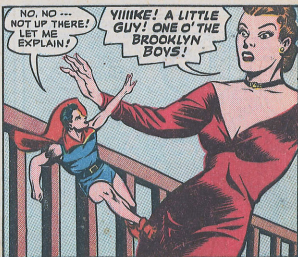
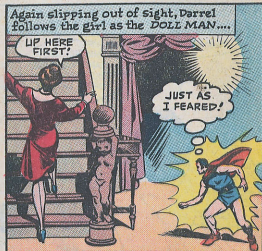


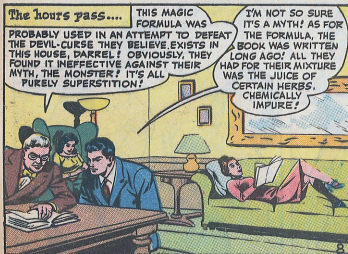
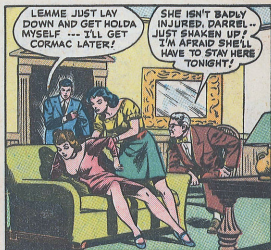
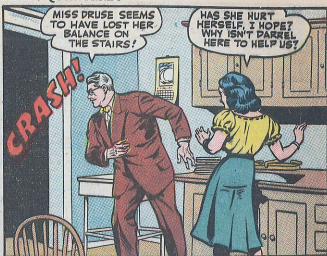
DOLL MAN QUARTERLY

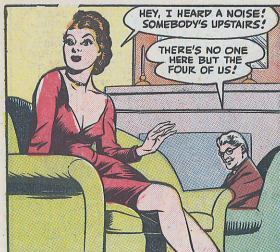
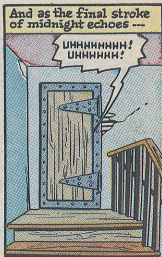


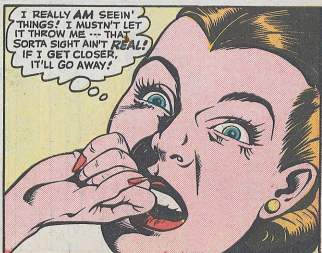
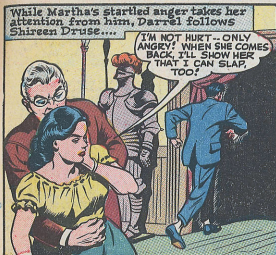


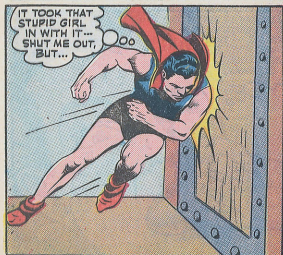
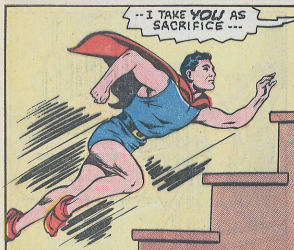
DOLL MAN QUARTERLY



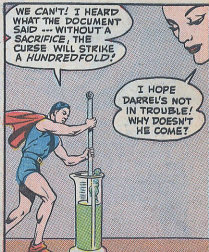
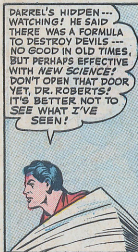
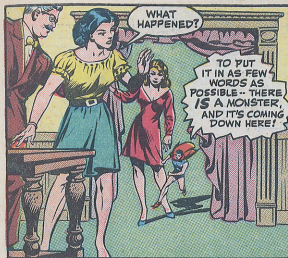


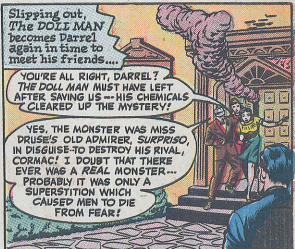
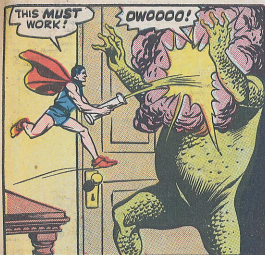












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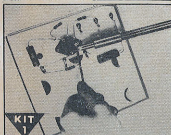
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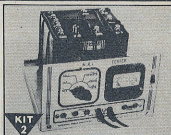
I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You
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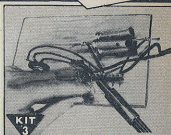
KIT 1

I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



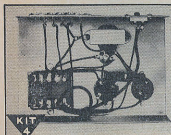
KIT 2

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts 1 send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



KIT 3

You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



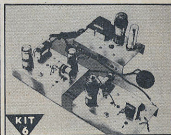
KIT 4

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make choppers which give you experience with parts of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



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